

For the Children

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

By Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south wind, Katie, and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat
When the south wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Arty, and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west wind, Bessie, and soft and low
The birds sing in the summer hours
When the west wind begins to blow.

—Selected.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

Flora was so poor-looking that she had come to be known by the other children as "The Ugly Duckling."

"Oh, I wish I was beautiful," she cried one day; "it is so dreadful to be ugly."

"You can be beautiful."

Flora, who was then standing in a wood near her home, turned round to see who had spoken. She had often run away for shelter from the other children's tongues into the wood. She saw no one as she looked around her. Again came the voice:

"You can be beautiful. I will help you, if you wish."

Flora got quite nervous. Then looking into a bush near by, she saw a tiny fairy perched there.

"Oh, do, do," cried Flora.

"Come with me," said the fairy.

"I would do anything not to be ugly," said Flora.

Then hundreds of other fairies surrounded her and carried her off.

Suddenly they set her down in a bare, comfortless, dull room. There was only an old woman sitting there in a stiff-backed wooden chair, who looked stern, but spoke kindly.

"Good morning. So you are to be my little servant, my dear?"

Flora burst into tears.

"I won't be your servant," she said. "I will go home. It's a shame to cheat me like this."

"You must be my servant, for you can not find your way home, and as I can not leave this chair, if you do not work we shall both starve."

Poor Flora! How bitter she felt against the fairy. She had to go to work, however, in spite of her feeling, but as time went on she grew sorry for the old woman. There she was, a prisoner, always in pain and unable to get out of her chair in that dull room.

Flora could go outside, but only about fifty yards, and then she came to a high wall. But every morning

she found food, water and fuel just outside the door; how it came there she did not know.

As Flora lived there she grew to pity the old woman so much that she forgot her own troubles, thinking about the old woman.

"I wish I could make her a cushion," she said, and, strange as it may seem, a bag of feathers and a piece of woolen stuff, and all the other needed things for the cushion were waiting for her next morning. The cushion was made.

When the old woman saw it, she kissed her, and pulling a mirror out of her pocket, said, "Look, my child."

Flora was astonished. Her crooked eye was now straight.

"I wish I could wheel her out into the sunshine," said Flora.

Next morning there were wheels on the chair, and she wheeled the old lady outside.

Again the old woman kissed her, and held up the mirror, and oh, what a pretty new curve Flora saw in her mouth.

"I wish I could take away her pain," said Flora, and she rubbed the poor, stiff limbs for hours.

The old woman kissed her again, and held up the mirror. Flora saw two beautiful dimples in her cheeks that had never been there before.

"You can go home; now you are beautiful, my child," said the old woman.

In an instant the room was full of fairies, and she knew not where she was until she was set down in the wood again just where she had wished to be beautiful. Then all but one left her.

"I have kept my promise, you see," said the fairy. "See thou lose not that which thou hast gained. Farewell."

"Oh, stop," cried Flora; "the poor old woman, who will take care of her?"

"I was that poor old woman."

"But she was all crippled with pain."

"Yes, I bore that pain that you might grow beautiful."

Then she, too, vanished, and Flora awoke. She had been asleep and dreaming. She set about living the life pointed out in the dream. She soon found out that every kind deed was as good as a kiss from beauty itself, and her looks became prettier, and her life sweetness itself.

That is the beauty of all service rendered with love for others; it makes us nobler, finer, sweeter, prettier in face, heart and life. Try it.—Exchange.

AUNT JANE'S SCHEME.

When Lucy first went to see Aunt Jane, she didn't take kindly to any of her neighbors. She was afraid of Miss Smith because she was old and wrinkled, and of Mr. Brown, because he was lame. She didn't like the Jones children, because she thought them rude and noisy; the little Gray girls wore queer clothes, so she didn't like them. Aunt Jane didn't know what to do with such a queer little visitor.

One night, when Lucy's story hour came around, Aunt Jane hit upon a scheme. "Lucy," she said, "let's play make believe." Aunt Jane's make believes